Epulæ Thyeſteæ: 80

OR,

THE THANKSGIVING-DINNER:

WHERE

The *Devil* finds all, Meat, Cooks, Gueſts, &c.

Together With

THE CITIE *PRESENT.*

ALSO

A Short GRACE after a Long *Dinner.*

AND

A GOD-SPEED.

LONDON.
Printed in the Year, 1649.

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The THANKSGIVING-DINNER:

WHERE

The Devill finds all, Meat, Cooks, Gueſts, &c.

ENjoy the Angry Powers: Do, Feaſt away
The ſenſe of your high Crimes, & *Judgment-day:*
Mix your Frontiniack with Lethêan Drops,
And Crown your guilty Heads with Poppy tops.
Errour hath ſeiz'd, Oblivion ſeal your Soules;
And as your ſinnes are deep, ſo be your Bowles.
Let the Starv'd *Country* ſee your riotous Feaſt,
Neither with *Grace*, nor *Peace*, nor *Conſcience* bleſt,

Let ſtupid *England* ſee the Goblet Crown'd
Wherein is quaff'd their *Ninety Thouſand Pound*
Per Menſem: There we may thoſe Epicures ſee
Who've put the Kingdome to an *Atrophie.*

It is a *Collar* Day, *Saint-Traytors* Day,
Wherein that Pſeudo-Martyr *Goodwyn* may,
Inſpir'd by *Lucifer*, give Thanks; and can
Invert the Words of out-done *Julian*,

(Puny Apoſtate, He! oth'Lower Roome!)
And ſay, *The Galilæans overcome:*
Yet dare He Text it from the *Bible*, Than
When he both Prayes and Preaches *Alchoran.*

There *Peters* the *Denyer* (nay, 'tis ſaid
He, that (Diſguis'd) *Cut off* his *Maſters* Head:)
That Godly Pidgeon of Apoſtacy,
Does buzze about his Anti-monarchy:
His Scaffold-doctrines, and ſuch murdering ſtuffe,
Which yet wounds nought but the affrighted Ruffe
Of the laps'd *Aldermen*, who have made good
* *Strafford's* darke Maxim, now well underſtood:
"'Twill ne'r be well with *England*, till we ſee
"The Complement of *Strafford's* Propheſie:
"The *truth* is ſtill the ſame, the *number* more,
"*Fifteen* will but ſerve *now*, *Six* would *before.*

*E. of *Strafford* was accuſed for ſaying, [*It would never be well with* London, *till halfe a dozen Aldermen were hang'd.*]

Sermon being done and *Scripture*, the *Ruffs* fall
'Fore *CRUMWELL Bell*, and *Dragon GENERALL*,
Long Live CUSTODES; that's the Cry. What he?
In *Engliſh* thus, *Long Live our SLAVERY.*
Cuſtodes is the ſtyle which *Pluto* lent
In ſpeciall Grace unto the *Parliament*,
Puzled what Title to aſſume: No ſhame;
Father and Sons may go by the ſame Name.
For Theſe this Feaſt is kept, while Orphans cry,
And *I* and *Lilburne* are in *Cuſtody.*

The *Anthropophagi* are ſet: They Feed,
"Let them *Feed* on, twill be their time to *Bleed.*

Firſt Courſe is *Biſhops Lands*; A ſtately Diſh,
Quoth *OLIVER*, and *Cook'd* unto my Wiſh.

Next, in a Charger, *Deanes* and *Chapters* are
Plac'd againſt *Martyn*; 'tis *Mar-prelats* Fare.
Reach that great *Oleo* to the *Generall*,
Th'Eſtates of poor *Delinquents*; Giv't him All.
Lenthall and *St. Johns*, both, are feeding hard on
A glorious Meſſe; ô! 'tis a generall *Pardon*.
Prideaux is Late come in, and had almoſt
Staying for Packet-money, kis'd the Poſt.
Mildmay is for his Didledam's; and ownes
No fare ſo choice, as that of *precious Stones*.

" *Godwyn* and *Peters* at a Table ſit,
" Eating *Sequeſtred Livings* at a bit.

But, ô! *Cuſtodes* raile upon the Cookes
Full ſore; The *King's*, *Queen's*, *Prince's* Lands & *Duke's*
Are not enough, their ſtomachs wamble; they
Feare their *Digeſtion*, that They will not *ſtay*;
A filthy *Norman Hogo* of a *Nullum*
Occurrit Regi, does like *ſtibium* pull'um.
The *Judges* have in skins of Parchment, boyl'd
A *Magna-Charta*-Pudding, which was ſpoyl'd
And Broak i'th' Seithing; that nor *Wild*, nor *Pheaſant*
Could find one reaſon in't, or ought that's pleſant.
Nick Oldſworth in his *Independent* Clothes
Is feeding *PEMBROKE* with a Broth of *Oaths*.

" *BRADSHAW* ſurveys the *Diſhes* and the *Meat*,
" And likes All Well; but yet——*He dares not Eat*.

Now, for a *Cheeſe*, and for Digeſtions ſake
The *Seale* is brought; and *Atkins* gives a *Cake*.

They're *Fill'd*; not *Satisfi'd*: They're now for *Wine*:
O for a Draught, ſuch as black *Catiline*.

 Drank

Drank to be-ranſack'd *Rome!* Heark! *Nero's* Song,
Whil'ſt the Accurſed Health doth paſſe along.

Viner the Goblet holds, and *Peters* Fills;
And *Goodwyn* Conſecrates; and CRVMWELL ſwils:
The Draught is *CHARLS* his *bloud*, a crimſon *wine*,
The Health's [*Confuſion to the Royall Line.*] Hall,
The Health goes *round*, *Round* through the Curſed
"And no Man ſees, THE HAND UPON THE WALL.

THE CITY PRESENT.

A Baſon *and* Ewre *to the* Generall, *of pure Gold.*

ACcept (black Sir) this Glorious *Ewre*, where we
Preſent, in *Beaten Gold*, *like* Loyalty:
We doe Confeſſe you high and Fortunate,
Or elſe this Gift had been a *Maſſy*-Plate.
The *Baſon* is Antique, a richer ſhow
Than *the* the *Jewes* on *Pilate* did beſtow.
Your ſervices are not much leſſe; It ſtands
Ready to *Waſh* your *Excellent*-Murth'rous *Hands*.

A Baſon *and* Ewre *to the* Lieut. Gen. *of pure Silver.*

GReat Sir, that you may know we have a ſenſe
Of your high Parts, and *candid* Innocence,
With pureſt *Silver* we preſent thoſe Hands
Made to bring Peace and Bleſſings on all Lands.
Ireland expects your *Soveraigne Face*; and cries,
Come *Oliver*, or bleeding *Ireland* Dies.

But as you paſſe by *Windſor*, if your Noſe, (cloſe
Comming neeer *CHARLS* his Corps, ſhould ought diſ-
Oh! drop the Bloud in *this*; for 'twas our Plate,
(From *Bodkins* unto *Baſons*) wrought His Fate.

A ſhort Grace, *after a long Dinner.*

WE thank thee *Oxford*, thou haſt given us *Grace*,
And made us Doctors of thy *learned* Race.
We thank the *London*, eke, each Citizen,
For ye have made us more, Great *Gifted* Men.

The God-ſpeed

" Go on, impoſe upon the World, and Awe
" All, till the *SECOND* comes and gives you *Law*.

FINIS.